

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP,  
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

## "MY DEAR OLD MAN."

My dear old man, he jest suits me;  
He's full as good as good can be  
In every way.  
An' jest as lovin' an' as true  
As when he used to be my beau,  
He is to-day.

When I was sick not anyone  
Of all the things the neighbors done—  
An' they wuz kind—  
Seemed half so nice an' comforting  
As when he'd do some little thing  
Jest to my mind.

He'd allers shake the pillers up  
So soft-like that I'd feel tip-top,  
An' drop to sleep;  
An' then his cheery words an' ways  
Helped thro' many weary days  
Of trouble deep.

Our life ain't been all sunshine fair;  
Of sorrow we hev had our share,  
An' blessings, too.  
Yes, looking backward, him and me,  
On all the things that used to be  
We find this true.

I often wonder what I'd do  
If my dear man, so good and true,  
Wuz first called home;  
I feel I shouldn't tarry long,  
But soon should join him in the throng  
Around the throne.

They say ther' hain't no marriage there,  
But somehow I don't feel no fear  
But that above  
The love that's been so dear below  
Will purr still and holier grow.  
An' blessed prove.

—Lizzie Ogden Smith, in Springfield (Mass.)  
Republican.

## A CASE OF BLACKMAIL.

BY HERBERT ADAMS.

I.  
"Well, sir, I can't say I altogether  
fancy it. You see, they might bring  
it into the law courts, and then they  
twists and turns you till you gets all  
of a whirl, and there's no knowing  
what you'll say, sir, or what they'll say  
you say, sir."

"My dear Mrs. Hennell," was the  
somewhat impatient reply, "I'll guar-  
antee it shall never come into court.  
I'm a lawyer myself, and I know how  
to manage it—though even if it did get  
tried, the jury would be sure to give big  
damages. It is such a likely thing  
that a ledger should trifle with the af-  
fections of his landlady's daughter;  
particularly if she is pretty and he is  
a curate!"

"But, really, sir, I don't think he  
ever made love to my Marjy—I really  
don't."

"Don't be a fool, my good woman!  
Who said he did? All you've got to  
do is to accuse him of promising to  
marry your daughter, and then of fail-  
ing to keep his promise. He will deny  
that he ever thought of such a thing,  
but there are sure to be a lot of little in-  
cidents, things he said and did, that you  
can bring in, and when he's threatened  
with an exposure he's almost sure to  
offer you a lot of money to hush it up.  
Meanwhile, here's five pounds, and I'll  
promise you five more when you've  
done it."

"But my Marjy got engaged last week  
to Willie Kent, sir," said the old woman,  
anxiously seizing the five golden  
sovereigns.

"Did she? Never mind. Don't tell  
anyone about it, and you'll make Mr.  
Grayson pay for their marriage ex-  
penses and house furnishing."

"Yes; but hasn't he just got engaged,  
too, sir? To Miss Bingham, of the Hall?  
She's got lots and lots of money, and  
the man that could get her would not be  
likely to want my Marjy—though she is  
a precious sight better than most of them."

"I know all about that," and his brow  
darkened a little; "he loved your daugh-  
ter, and he jilted her when he got the  
chance of marrying this rich lady. It  
is so simple a case that you are sure to  
make a lot of money out of it."

"Very well, sir, me and Marjy will  
do our best, though I must confess I  
don't like it."

She held out her hand to him, and  
mastering his disgust, he shook it ef-  
fusively. After all, the arch-villain  
must be courteous to his tools.

The astute young lawyer chuckled to  
himself in anticipation of his triumph,  
as he left.

"I don't think it can fail if she plays  
her part well," he muttered, as he  
walked rapidly towards his home.  
"She is such a greedy wretch, that  
she is sure to do her best. He is pretty  
certain to offer her something to be  
quiet; and if he doesn't, the piteous  
cry of the wronged widow and de-  
ceived orphan will soon fill the town!  
If he does pay up, I'll take good care  
the tale leaks out, and the money he  
paid will prove the charges were true!  
And then we shall see whether Dora  
Bingham will prefer this conceited  
poppin' of a curate to me! I think I've  
got him pretty safe, and Dora, and her  
beauty, and her money will soon be  
mine!"

## II.

Rev. Frank P. Grayson, B. A., junior  
curate of St. Mary's, Pretworth, was,  
as Mrs. Hennell afterwards said, com-  
pletely "habbygasted."

Mrs. Hennell had been somewhat  
timid when she undertook the busi-  
ness; but having started it, the opposi-  
tion Mr. Grayson very naturally raised  
aroused her fighting instincts, and she  
played the part of an irate parent who  
has a daughter's wrongs to remedy  
with lifelike faithfulness and intensity.

"Look here, Mrs. Hennell," said Gray-  
son; "I always took you for an honest  
woman, or as honest as a landlady  
could be reasonably expected to be; but  
I perceive you are only a blackmail-  
er."

"How dare you say such a thing to  
me?" cried the virtuous mother. "Not  
satisfied with making my Marjy so  
unhappy, you are now calling me bad  
names!"

Grayson felt considerably disturbed.  
He was indignant at this most calu-  
mnyous charge, but he saw that it would  
be exceedingly difficult to entirely dis-  
prove it, and there was little doubt

that many of the townsfolk would be  
only too willing to believe the evil ac-  
cusations.

"How much do you want?" he at  
length asked.

"Well, sir, one does hear of thousands  
of pounds—but I only want justice,  
sir. I'll call Marjy and see what she  
says."

Miss Marjorie Hennell was a good-  
looking brunette of about 20 years of  
age. She had bold, brown eyes, that  
would attract some and repel others.  
She had been a little reluctant in join-  
ing the conspiracy against Mr. Gray-  
son, as no one knew better than she  
did the untruthfulness of the allega-  
tions, but having been reared by a so-  
cialistic father, who regarded everyone  
with money as a natural foe, and be-  
ing shown that, if successful, the  
scheme would mean a quick marriage  
with her sweetheart, Bill Kent, she was  
soon persuaded. She had had a rough  
life, and it would be interesting to know  
how much of her disposition was inher-  
ited and how much acquired.

"Do you mean to say that I ever sug-  
gested that I should marry you?" asked  
the curate, when she arrived.

"Yes, you did," said Marjy, veiling  
her eyes and trying to look modest.  
"You did that day when you took me  
on your knee."

"When—I—what?"

"When you took me on your knee  
and asked if I had a sweetheart, and  
when I said no, you said you would be  
my sweetheart." And so artistic was  
the girl that she managed to get a  
couple of very realistic tears to trickle  
down her cheeks. Then she went on:  
"You told me your name was Frank,  
and you asked me to call you Frank."

"This is infamous!" cried Grayson, as  
he fell helplessly back into his chair.  
There was the merest atom of truth  
in what she said, and the rest was an  
utter fabrication. But how could he  
prove it and get people to believe him?  
They might not be able to establish  
their claim in court, but his name  
would be for ever besmirched by the  
skillfully concocted allegations.

What would his fiancée, Dora Byngham,  
say when she heard it? He al-  
most felt it would be better to be vic-  
timized than to create so unpleasant  
a scandal. At last he promised to give  
them his decision in a week's time, and  
they agreed to wait for that period be-  
fore taking further action.

III.

When Theophilus Baines, the vicar  
of Pretworth, gave a garden party in  
the pretty grounds of his vicarage all  
the local world was there. But to Dora  
Bingham and the junior curate the  
whole world only numbered two, and  
they looked forward with a great deal  
of joy to the day when they two should  
become one. Frank Grayson thought  
himself exceedingly fortunate in hav-  
ing secured the affections of so rich a  
girl, but it was the girl herself and not  
her banking account that he loved.

They had rambled together to a se-  
cluded part of the garden, but they did  
not talk much. Dora was happy at be-  
ing with him, and he was wondering  
what answer he had better give his late  
landlady in three days' time, and whether  
or not it would be well to tell Dora all  
about it. He felt sure she would trust  
him, and yet he shrank from the miser-  
able subject. It was Miss Bingham who  
spoke first.

"Oh, what a surprise, here comes Mr.  
Hamer."

"I thought Hamer was rather a chum  
of yours?" said Grayson.

"Oh!" said Dora, with a delightful  
smile, that would have pleased every-  
one but the dapper, innocent-looking  
man who was approaching them.

"Never mind," said Frank. "Per-  
haps he'll have the sense and goodness  
not to speak."

Hamer might have had the sense, but  
he certainly lacked the goodness. He  
smiled very sweetly as he came forward  
and shook hands with them both.

"I was afraid you were not going to  
be here, Miss Bingham."

"Really; why?"

"Because I was able to come myself,  
and it is so seldom that such a charm-  
ing coincidence happens on my behalf."

"What is it that so often detains you,  
then?" asked Dora, while Frank pre-  
served an obstinate silence, hoping that  
Hamer would move on.

"Oh! we lawyers try to do in practice  
what the clergy do in theory," said  
Hamer, "and that is put an end to  
crime."

"I thought you flourished on it,"  
burst out Grayson, who disliked Hamer  
more than a little.

"Perhaps I shall some day," replied  
Hamer, lightly, but flushed a little as  
he said it.

"Shall we go and have a game at  
croquet?" asked Dora, to create a di-  
version, and perhaps get rid of Hamer.

"What! Are you not sorry that that  
game has been revived, Miss Byngh-  
am?" he asked. "It is so insidious."

"Insidious; how so?"

"Why, it teaches you to go up to a  
ball, to creep as near to it as you can,  
even to embrace it, and then, after  
lingering apparently in friendliness  
and love by its side, this apparent  
affection suddenly proves to be a mask,  
and with a mighty sweep you drive it  
to perdition, or as near it as you can!  
I think the game inculcates treachery,  
Miss Byngham, and it ought to be pun-  
ished as we punish breach of promise."

He had made his little speech with a  
gayety that caused Dora to smile at his  
humorous fancy, but he glanced at  
Grayson as he spoke about the breach of  
promise, and was pleased to see his  
guilty start. The curate had turned a  
shade paler, but he flushed again when  
Dora cried, merrily:

"Breach of promise? No punishment  
should be too severe for that!"

"Come," he said, huskily, "let us  
go and join the others."

And Hamer smiled with an evil glit-  
ter in his eyes as he followed them.

IV.

While the vicar's garden party was  
progressing, and Mr. Hamer was satis-  
fying himself that his scheme was be-

ginning to work satisfactorily, Miss  
Marjorie Hennell was also receiving a  
visitor. Willie Kent, her lover, had  
called to see her. They had just told  
him of their plan for levying a contribu-  
tion from Mr. Grayson towards the wed-  
ding expenses, and he had raised no  
objection. Taking his pipe out of his  
mouth, he said to Marjorie, as they sat  
together in the little garden:

"Look here, Marjy, which of the par-  
sons is it you are going for?"

"For Mr. Grayson, Bill."

"Well—no hankey—did he really  
carry on with you or not? No hankey,  
old girl—just the plain truth."

"No, Bill, he didn't."

"Well, then, you'll have to chuck it."

"Chuck it, Bill? Why, ma says we'll  
get at least £50, perhaps £100!"

"Can't help it, old girl. I ain't fond  
of parsons and I am fond of quids; but,  
all the same, you must chuck it."

"But why? Whatever will ma say?  
Ma-a-a!"

Mrs. Hennell soon arrived on the  
scene in answer to her daughter's shrill  
summons. She was disgusted when she  
heard of Bill's decision. Success seemed  
so probable that her scruples had long  
ago vanished.

"Don't be a fool, Bill," she said. "You  
just keep quiet and leave it to me and  
Marjy; we'll work it all right."

"I tell you you'll have to stop it," said  
Bill, firmly; "either you leaves him  
alone, or I leaves you alone—see that,  
Marjy? When I was away in China in  
the winter my old mother was dying of  
cold and starvation, and he came, yes,  
Grayson came, and gave her money and  
food. Now she sits and blesses him all  
day long, and do you think I'm going to  
turn against him?"

V.

The next morning Mr. Hamer's clerk  
announced that a man named Kent  
wished to see him on private business.

"Kent? Who is Kent? You can  
show him in."

"Good morning, sir. I've come from  
Mrs. Hennell."

"Mrs. Hennell? Oh! Yes?"

"She thought as 'ow you might like to  
know how the business was going on."

"Well?"

"I mean the charge of breach of promise  
you told her and her daughter to  
bring against Mr. Grayson."

"Yes, yes, I know; don't speak so  
loud! What has she done?"

"Well, I am Bill Kent, you know, who  
was going to marry Marjy."

"Of course," said Mr. Hamer, trying  
not to be impatient; "but what does  
Mr. Grayson say?"

"Well, Mrs. Hennell has gone to apolo-  
gize this morning, sir, and tell him it  
was all a mistake."

"What!" shouted the lawyer.

"We are a-going to chuck it," replied  
Bill, calmly.

Mr. Hamer was silent for a few sec-  
onds, then he raved angrily at Mrs.  
Hennell's perfidy. Bill Kent watched  
him in quiet amusement and made no  
reply.

"Do you know that I gave Mrs. Hen-  
nell a five-pound note and can get her  
imprisoned for obtaining money under  
false pretences?" said the lawyer, in  
a threatening tone.

Bill only grinned, and Mr. Hamer,  
seeing he was not to be frightened with  
such an obviously absurd threat,  
changed his tactics.

"It is very foolish of her, my good  
man; if there is time you had better  
stop her, and tell her she is wasting her  
daughter's marriage portion. Other-  
wise I shall soon devise a method of  
making her sorry she tried to cheat me.  
If it's too late, I will bid you good morn-  
ing for the present—unless you can  
earn a few pounds yourself?"

Bill sat in silence for a few minutes,  
and Hamer thought he was about to  
come to terms after all. Then he said:

"About the money for getting mar-  
ried, sir?"

"Yes."

"I think we'll earn it, sir."

"Ah, that's right, my man; I thought  
you would see it was best to be reason-  
able. Grayson is sure to give you some-  
thing handsome."

"We've handed up to Mr. Grayson, sir,  
but we thought you might oblige."

"I?"

"Yes; you see, sir, we told the parson  
it was bunkum, but we thought it might  
be worth something to you if we didn't  
tell him, and the vicar, and Miss Byngh-  
am, and all the big pots, who it was  
that put us up to it."

The two men looked at one another.  
The mask of friendliness was thrown  
aside, and they stood there like a pair  
of wrestlers weighing each other's  
strength and watching for a favorable  
opening.

Hamer spoke first.

"This is blackmail, you villain!"

"I think you told Mrs. Hennell not to  
be afraid of a little bluff, sir?"

When Bill Kent left that office he was  
£30 richer than when he entered it.  
The marriage of Mr. Grayson and Miss  
Bingham and Mr. Kent and Miss Hen-  
nell happened within a week of one an-  
other. Mr. and Mrs. Grayson received,  
among their wedding presents, a small  
gift from "Three Unknown Friends."

Mr. Hamer did not send Mr. and Mrs.  
Kent a wedding present, but he paid for  
one all the same.—Tit-Bits.

Hands Off!

In connection with the recent death  
of Blondin, the greatest of funambuli-  
sts, it is recalled that President Lin-  
coln once made use of him for one of  
his characteristically apt illustrations.  
To a fault-finding delegation that visited  
him, Mr. Lincoln said: "Gentlemen,  
suppose all the property you were worth  
was in gold, and you had to put it into  
the hands of Blondin to carry across  
Niagara falls on a rope; would you shake  
the cable, or keep shouting out to him;  
'Blondin, stand up a little straighter!'  
Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little  
faster; lean more to the south?' No,  
you would hold your breath, as well as  
your tongue, and keep your hands off  
until he was safe over."—Youth's Com-  
panion.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Thought Transference—Hostess—  
"Good night, general! So kind of me  
to have asked you." Guest—"Not at all.  
So kind of me to have come!"—Punch.

"And," continued the physician, as  
he was about to leave, "eat only what  
agrees with you." "But, doctor, how  
am I to know whether it agrees with  
me until after I have eaten it?"—Yon-  
kers Statesman.

"Hicks—"It is rather humiliating  
for a man to have more people at his  
funeral than at his wedding." Hicks—"I  
don't know. A man doesn't have to  
reciprocate for attentions shown him  
at his funeral."—Boston Transcript.

"Pat—"Do ye mind, Moike, how the  
Grakes do be all goin' home to fight?"  
Moike—"I jee; an' I be thinkin' thot it's  
a gude thing for this country thot the  
Oirish ain't all Grakes, oor this  
kentry would be depopulated of all its  
constabulary, be gob."—Philadelphia  
North American.

"The Ultimate Test—"I hear," said  
Mr. Rafferty, "that the Turks hov more  
min than the Greeks." "They hov. But  
the question as rule importance ain't  
which hov the most whin they shant  
the fight, but which hov the mosht  
whin they get through."—Washington  
Star.

"Mrs. Blinky—"John, dear, won't  
you discharge Mary? You know I am  
afraid of her." Mr. B—"Certainly. No  
servant can ever scare me." (A little  
while after.) "Mary, ahem! Mrs. Blinky  
has asked me to tell you that she  
wants to see you after I have gone to  
the office."—Brooklyn Life.

## NO WATER.

In the Port of Iquique, and No Grass  
Grows There.

With one exception the port of Iqui-  
que has never been visited by a drop of  
rain. This exception was on Septem-  
ber 17, 1891. During the last half hour  
of the prevalence of a hurricane rain  
followed. Despite the remarkable fact  
that rain is a thing unknown in the  
Iquique region, not far distant seaward  
in the Pacific ocean, within a radius of  
a few hundred miles, is a belt between  
the confines of which incessant rains  
prevail.

Not a blade of grass was ever known  
to grow at Iquique, and the surrounding  
country presents a barren appearance.  
The houses and living apartments of  
this place are peculiarly constructed,  
and little protection is necessary, the  
climate being warm. Many have just  
thin substance for a roof, sufficiently  
thick to keep off the hot rays of the  
tropical sun. Rare sights of the primi-  
tive way of conducting business in this  
peculiarly barren seaport town con-  
stantly meet one's eyes, the most amus-  
ing of which is the manner water is dis-  
tributed to the natives. In most ports  
visited by foreign vessels vines are the  
liquids most sought after by the na-  
tives. Such, however, is not the case  
in Iquique. Good drinking  
water is all a native calls for. The water  
boat from Africa calls three times a  
week at Iquique and pumps into huge  
tanks its contents. This work is done  
very rapidly, and immediately the boat  
is off again on another trip. Hundreds  
of mules are employed by the authori-  
ties in distributing the water to the  
residents, who are allowed a limited  
quantity only.

To the backs of the mules are made  
fast two large tanks, one on either side,  
they being filled for distribution. Water  
is too scarce to be dealt out indiscrimi-  
nately to those mules and they present  
a pitiable sight, panting under the  
strain of their heavy load, in the intense  
heat, with their tongues hanging out.  
Frequently they will stop on the road-  
way and turn their heads back and lick  
from the outside of the tanks such of  
the water as has been splashed by their  
joggling along.

It is a most expensive thing to have  
clothes washed, and in many cases new  
clothing can be bought cheaper than  
the cost of laundering. The absence of  
pasture lands and water prevents the  
raising of live stock, consequently pro-  
visions are very high.—Philadelphia  
Press.

## Crete and Its Natives.

The peculiarly favorable position of  
the island, situated at the junction of  
three continents, as it were, and com-  
manding the coasts of all three, has in-  
vested it from the earliest times with  
an importance such as neither Sicily,  
Sardinia nor Cyprus, although much  
larger in area, ever attained. While  
forming in prehistoric times a stepping  
stone for Egyptian and Asiatic civiliza-  
tion in its progress toward the shores  
of Greece, Crete remained throughout  
antiquity singularly free from any close  
political connection with Egypt, Asia  
or Greece. This insularity is to this  
day one of the marked characteristics  
of the Cretan people; and without ac-  
cepting the view that they are the  
purest descendants extant of the  
Hellenes of the eighth century B. C.,  
we must regard them nevertheless as  
one of the most interesting branches of  
the Greek race. Unfortunately the  
gravest defects of the ancient Greek  
character were nowhere so pronounced  
as in Crete; and we are told that its  
history throughout antiquity was one  
continuous chain of civil strife, carried  
on with a savageness and bitterness of  
animosity exceeding all that was known  
in the rest of Greece. This political de-  
generacy was attended by such a degene-  
racy of morals as to render the name  
of "Cretan" a synonym for nearly every  
vice.—Demetrius Kalopothakes, in Cen-  
tury.

## In Chicago.

First Preacher—Doing much in the  
wedding trade now?

Second Preacher—Yes; business is  
good. People getting married this year  
who never got married before.—N. Y.  
Truth.

## Discarded.

Maud—Why didn't you invite Mr.  
Funnibone, the humorist, to your  
euchre party?

Bess—O, we concluded to leave the  
joker out.—Up-to-Date.

## GEO. W. DAVIS,

DEALER IN—

Furniture, Window Shades, Oil  
Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses,  
Etc.

Special attention given to Undertak-  
ing and Repairing.

MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

## W. O. HINTON, Agent,

Fire, Wind and Storm  
Insurance.

THE VERY BEST.

OLD, RELIABLE, PROMPT-  
PAYING.

## NON-UNION.

## HOTEL REED

Short St., Bet. Broadway and Mill,

LEXINGTON, KY.

JAMES CONNOR, - - - Proprietor.

Rates, \$2 And \$2.50 Per Day.

One hundred good rooms. Electric  
lights, hot and cold baths, barber shop  
and Postal telegraph office, etc.  
(21jy96-1y)

## TREES! TREES!

FALL 1896.

FULL stock of Fruit and Ornamental  
Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits,  
Asparagus and everything for the  
Orchard, Lawn and Garden. We em-  
ploy no agents. Try us on prices and  
see the difference between those of a  
grower and dealer. Catalogue on ap-  
plication to

R. F. HILLENMEYER,

(20oct) Lexington, Ky.



Do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and  
think you can get